Table of Contents

1. Characters (NEW)
2. Prologue
3. Part 1
4. Part 2
5. Part 3
6. Part 4
7. Part 5
8. Part 6
9. Part 7
10. Part 8
11. Part 9
12. Part 10
13. Part 11
14. Part 12
15. Part 13
16. Part 14
17. Epilogue

Characters (NEW)

[image]

RiverClan

Leader:
Leopardstar (She-cat)

Deputy:
Hawkfrost (Tom)

Medicine cat(s):
Mothwing (She-cat) (Apprentice: Willowpaw)

Warriors:
Blackclaw (Tom)
Voletooth (Tom)
Stormfur (Tom)
Feathertail (She-cat)
Mosspelt (She-cat)
Piketail (Tom)
Reedwhisker (Tom)
Primroseheart (She-cat)
Ivypool (She-cat)
Beechfur (Tom)
Rippletail (Tom)
Dawnflower (She-cat)
Dapplenose (She-cat)
Pouncetail (Tom)
Mintfur (Tom) (Apprentice: Nettlepaw)
Otterheart (She-cat)
Pinefur (She-cat) (Apprentice: Robinpaw)
Rainstorm (Tom)
Duskfur (She-cat) (Apprentice: Copperpaw)
Minnowtail (She-cat)
Fluffytail (Tom)
Ravenwing (She-cat)
Pebblefoot (Tom)

Winterstorm (She-cat)
Duskwind (She-cat)

Apprentices:
Willowpaw (She-cat)
Nettlepaw (Tom)
Robinpaw (Tom)
Copperpaw (She-cat)

Queens:
Greymist (She-cat) (Mother Of Sneezekit and Mallowkit)
Icewing (She-cat) (Mother Of Beetlekit, Pricklekit, Petalkit, and Grasskit)

Elders:
Heavystep (Tom)
Swallowtail (She-cat)
Stonestream (Tom)

Prologue

The wind howled through the pierced air as a flash of silver and white tabby fur after a bloody dark brown Tom from ThunderClan. Blood, yowls of pain, snarls of anger, and snapping of rage pierced the battlefield, RiverClan's deputy's death scent stung the air like a bee stinging a useless cat.

"Get back here, you unworthy piece of frog-dirt!" The silver and white tabby snarled as she hared after the ThunderClan deputy.

"Just leave me alone Ivypool! That was many moons ago." The deputy halted in front of her, amber eyes piercing her like thorns on a cat's pelt.

"Leave you alone? That is the most frog-brained question I have ever heard!" Ivypool suddenly lunged at the dark tabby, deep aqua eyes gleaming with hatred.

"Oof!" He crashed down, yowling in rage.

"How does it feel? Feeling the same pain you made Hawkfrost go through?" Ivypool dug her claws deeper into his flesh, blood squirming out of the deputy's newly made wound.

"I do-" The ThunderClan deputy gagged, obviously tasting the taste of blood as Ivypool busted his lip, exposing the inner red liquid.

"You what?" Ivypool hissed in his ear, loud enough for him to ear.

"I d-do." He whimpered, pain flexing into his pained voice.

"Good. Know, why don't I just hit your head as you did to Hawkfrost?" Ivypool placed her grey paw, know a reddish color due to the fact that it was covered in blood, on his weak head.

"But that might kill me! If it didn't kill Hawkfrost, it might *kill* me." The dark tabby squirmed under the wiry she-cat, but she dug her claws deeper into his head.

"Isn't that what revenge is? *Killing* your enemy?" Ivypool demanded, her bloody coat bristling.

"Well, not all the ti-" The injured dark tabby was cut off by a monster-sized shadow danced over the two quarreling cats.

"Did Sol take the sun?!" A warrior of ThunderClan, Berrynose, gasped.

"How can a cat take the sun?" Primroseheart's voice echoed in the battlefield.

"Great StarClan it's dark!" Fluffypaw's scared voice startled Ivypool. *I have to get to him*! As soon as she stood up, Ivypool regretted it. Brambleclaw pinned her down, his own claws rippling her coat.

"It's going to be a whole load of fun, isn't it?" Brambleclaw smiled, an imaginary evil gleaming in his amber eyes.

***

Ivypool hulled herself next to her mate, Hawkfrost, who was limping himself. A large chunk of Hawkfrost's ear was missing and his snow white tufts were clouded with blood and were also missing some clumps.

"Here, let me help." Fluffypaw, who was pretty much the size of Ivypool, made his way to his mother's aid.

"Thanks. Also, your fighting skills were on point." Ivypool complimented her fluffy son.

"Fighting has always been something I have been interested since being in the nursery. Do you think I got it from Hawkfrost? He always seems to bring fights to himself." Fluffypaw questioned, his icy blue eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"You probably have a point. Although he wants fights to come his way, I will never stop loving him." Ivypool pointed her muzzle to Hawkfrost, who was still limping but beside Duskpaw.

"I very well know that. I've never seen you two quarrel." Fluffypaw

commented, "It's like a match made in StarClan. You've never had flaws in your relationship."

"Oh but that is now. Back when I was an apprentice, we practically hated each other." Ivypool chuckled as she remembered how much they picked on each other.

"Really? It seems impossible for any cat guessing that at first glance." Fluffypaw seemed surprised at his mother's statement, then nodded. *I hope we can heal in time before the Gathering.* Ivypool though as the sun's bright light dipped and danced on the RiverClan cats.

Part 1

Ivypool skirted beside Duskpaw, newly named Duskwind, to the Gathering as the moon danced on the RiverClan's pelts.

"I'm so nervous! I don't know what to do!"Duskwind's pelt bristled in worry and panic, her odd blue eyes clouded.

"Don't feel nervous. It's going to be fine. It will always be the same as going to a Gathering but with a new name." Ivypool encouraged her worried daughter.

"I bet Ravenwing is so nervous her heart thundered off her chest." Duskwind snorted.

Ivypool flashed her look, "Am I really going to have to use some mother sense into you?"

"Sorry!" Duskwind licked her chest, obviously embarrassed that quite a lot of cats heard Ivypool's daring question.

"You don't have to go over her limit, petal. She's young and has a lot more to learn." Hawkfrost said beside her once Ivypool trotted to the dark tabby.

"Wouldn't have you done the same if Brambleclaw spoke like that to Mothwing?" Ivypool shot him a look, obviously unpleased with his words.

"Sure you can say. Now come on. We'll have the whole Clan waiting." The dark tom pelted past the silver and white tabby.

She sighed before racing after her mate, "Wait up! I don't have long legs like you!"

"Hmmph. I wonder what the other Clans are going to say once they figure out I'm RiverClan's new deputy?" Hawkfrost waited for the small and wiry she-cat, something gleaming in his eyes.

***

Leopardstar hopped onto her spot on the tree, Hawkfrost taking his place where the deputies usually sit. His pelt pricked with uneasiness and stress, worried about what the other Clan leader's opinion was on him. Hawkfrost lifted his head and saw Ivypool, who was talking to a black she-cat that he had once seen, but hardly ever. *ThunderClan for sure.* He thought, flicking his tail to and fro, anxiety winning the best of him.

"You'll do fine. I can't guarantee it, but I think the other Clan leaders may like you." Fluffypaw, newly named Fluffytail, sort of persuaded him, but not entirely.

"Err, thanks." Hawkfrost shifted his paws and didn't look at his son but at the ground for some odd reason.

"I know it didn't persuade you, but don't feel nervous. Everything will go okay." Looking at both sides to make sure no cat was looking, Fluffytail gently rested his pink nose on Hawkfrost's head.

"Thanks." Hawkfrost looked at him, slightly trembling.

Fluffytail nodded, "If it's to make the cat who raised me happy, then you're welcome." The young warrior went back to his clanmates, leaving Hawkfrost fighting the urge not to follow him. *Just calm down. Everything's going to go okay, or is it*? Hawkfrost shuddered, finding it difficult to calm down.

"The Gathering will now start. I'll go first if it's okay with you." Leopardstar looked at the other leaders, who nodded.

"Thanks. Anyways, we have been cooperating since Mistyfoot's death with our new deputy. Prey is running excellent these few days. We also have lots of new warriors: Minnowtail, Fluffytail, Ravenwing, Pebblefoot, Winterstorm, and Duskwind. Our new deputy is Hawkfrost if you cou-" Leopardstar was cut off by the angered Onestar, "Tigerstar's kin as *deputy*? Is this some kind of sick joke Leopardstar?!"

"Are you disrespecting my choice?" Leopardstar snarled, her pelt

bristling in rage.

"We don't need blood spilled over the choice of a deputy for StarClan sake! Onestar, you know you have to respect Leopardstar's opinion. She's wise and has a reason why she chose Hawkfrost as our new deputy. You can't just judge him by who he shares blood with. How come you made no deal when Firestar appointed Brambleclaw as deputy? Both Brambleclaw and Hawkfrost are Tigerstar's kin.

Just because of that doesn't give you permission to disrespect a leader's choice. Not to mention that Leopardstar's been taking care of RiverClan for far too many moons to count. Much longer than you have been supervising WindClan, obviously meaning she knows more into this type of stuff." Ivypool stepped up, her eyes blazing in anger, "He may seem untrustworthy at first glance, but I promise he is a kind and outgoing cat. You can't just look at him and decide not to trust him. You just have to give him a chance for StarClan's sake!" The wiry she-cat ended there, catching her breath.

"What Ivypool says is true. You must understand that." Leopardstar gave Ivypool a nod before shooting Onestar a dirty look.

"If you insist." Onestar snorted, obviously unpleased with Ivypool's sudden comeback. Hawkfrost caught her deep aqua eye, but she looked down as other cats were giving her looks and whispers. *She didn't have to do that! I could have done it myself, or could I*? Hawkfrost gulped down his dry worry.

Leopardstar looked at Firestar, "You may go."

"Prey is also running well for ThunderClan. We have a couple of new warriors as well: Lionblaze, Hollyleaf, and Cinderheart. We have all welcomed them as full warriors of ThunderClan." Firestar looked at Blackstar, whose amber eyes gleamed with sorrow, "Prey, like all, is running well. I also wanted to apologize for making that huge mistake of allowing Sol onto our territory."

"We forgive you. I bet you learned a lesson." Firestar murmured.

"Yes, I have. You can go now Onestar." Blackstar said without

looking at the brown tabby.

"Hares are richer nowadays. We have two warriors: Heathertail and Breezepelt. The Gathering is over." Onestar hopped down, the other three leaders following him. Hawkfrost approached his wiry mate, whose deep aqua eyes were round and clouded with something he could not detect.

"Hey." The silver and white tabby only said, looking down at the ground as she spoke her quiet words.

"If you think I'm mad at you, I am not. I just wan-" Hawkfrost was cut off by the sound of thundering paws hitting the Gathering's ground, "There he is!"

"He's so fluffy!"

"Those eyes!" Most of the group was all she-cats, but some toms appeared in there.

"Umm, can I talk to Ivy-" He, once again, was cut off by the cats thundering questions that flashed like lightning bolts, "Dibs on talking to him first!"

"I guess I'll just go." Before Hawkfrost could respond to the wiry she-cat's announcement, she stalked off, maybe to go talk to Winterstorm, Duskwind, Fluffytail, or Ravenwing.

"OO! She's jealous!" That was all the cats were chanting, mock hinting and swirling in their voices and snorts.

Hawkfrost flattened his ears, "He's also handsome! I hope he doesn't have a mate." Hawkfrost froze as soon as he heard the two she-cats talking. He tried his best to get out, but there were way too many cats holding him back. *And how am I supposed to explain this to Ivypool? She won't be happy to hear that two she-cats were talking about me being single. And the mocking part.* The dark tabby managed to slip away and headed towards his family that consisted of Ivypool, Fluffytail, Ravenwing, Winterstorm, Duskwind, and Mothwing. *Well, here goes nothing but trouble.*

Part 2

[image]

Rain gently brushed the flashy green grass that belonged to RiverClan's side of the lake territory. Dew and mist swirled around, the rain clouds circling high above the gloomy sky. Ravenwing walked beside her mother, who did not wake up in the greatest mood. Her silver and white tabby pelt was rippled as she did have the best sleep as well. *She's probably still mad about Leopardstar overdoing patrols. Not to mention that this has caused problems in their relationship*. Ravenwing felt uneasy alongside her upset mother knowing any time now, the silver and white tabby could snap at the black she-cat.

"Leopardstar is super not fair. Maybe I regret defending Hawkfrost during the Gathering." Ivypool sighed, her deep aqua eyes filling and gleaming with sorrow.

"But if you didn't defend Hawkfrost, Onestar would have probably had his laws unsheathed before you could say carp." Ravenwing twitched her white tipped tail to and fro.

"You do have a point, but I didn't expect every at to bother us, specifically she-cats and Leopardstar. After that Gathering, we can't even share a moment of peace. Nothing is the same without Hawkfrost by my side. Also that he goes to sleep extremely tired and leaves me hanging. I want the old forest back, where no problems besides Twolegs hit us." With that, the silver and white tabby stalked off, unpleased with their little chat.

"Wait!" Ravenwing bounded after her, panicking and overthinking as her mother walked closer to ShadowClan's side. The black she-cat's pelt bristled in alarm as she realized her mother wasn't *going* to ShadowClan's side but turned left before entering the rival Clan's area. *Where in the name of StarClan is this she-cat going*? Ravenwing pelted after the wiry silver and white tabby to the unknown territory that rested among the mist. The rain thundered louder and harder as the two she-cats plunged into the unknown territory,

where they were greeted by a creamy at with some brown splotches and the same icy blue eyes like Hawkfrost.

"Hello there Ivypool." The mysterious cat stirred up, her long brown tail rippling in cold as the breeze swept the three she-cats.

"Hello, Sasha. Ravenwing, meet Sasha, Hawkfrost's mother." Ivypool allowed the black she-cat to approach the cream and brown cat, Sasha in other words.

"Ivypool has told me many things about you. If you are Hawkfrost's kit, then we are kin." Sasha meowed, her whiskers trembling as the breeze rippled through her.

"We're planning to take her to camp. I bet Mothwing and Hawkfrost will be more than happier to see you." Ivypool twitched her ear, which had some missing sections.

"Err, Ivypool. Can I talk to you, alone?" Ravenwing cast Sasha a look, who nodded before resting her long, fluffy, and brown tail on her creamy paws.

"What is it?" Ivypool asked after they placed Sasha back into the background. Ravenwing's pelt bristled in anger and disappointment, making her twice her actual size, then lashing her tail.

"Is that why you have been leaving the Clan? To check on some stupid loner?!" Ravenwing snapped at her mother, whose deep aqua eyes were clouded with an unknown emotion.

"She's helping me with my current issues. She knows Hawkfrost and knows how to help. And I'm also doing it for her. She wants to see her kits again." Ivypool looked at the black she-cat, disrespect hinting at her eyes when Ravenwing mentioned Sasha as a stupid loner.

"Okay and? That doesn't give you the right to sneak out of camp every day to see some cat. Isn't the Clan important to you at all?" Ravenwing challenged the silver and white tabby, whose anger reached the limits.

"Isn't that why I'm a warrior? I GIVE UP MY LIFE WITH EVERY

CLAW, RAVENWING! Can you not see that? Or are you that fish-brained?! I was born and raised in RiverClan! They are important! So don't test my loyalty again!" Ivypool snarled. Ravenwing has never seen her mother so mad in her life. She looked like a huge cat, not showing her small size.

"I wasn't testing your loyalty. So don't assume things that aren't true!" Ravenwing was sure her own mother hated her by the way Ivypool stared at her before storming off. *She defended me moons ago from Duskwind and this is what I'm giving her? She needs better. Not to mention the fact that she is having issues back at camp.* Ravenwing saw Ivypool say some stuff to Sasha before heading back to camp. *I made a horrible mistake.*

***

Ravenwing walked quietly beside her mother, who refused to even give her eye contact or say a single word to the black she-cat. She was half aware of Ivypool muttering some words under her breath, so quiet that Ravenwing could barely make out what the silver and white tabby was saying. The first cat they encountered was Hawkfrost, who was getting back from a border patrol. The dark tabby must have realized Ivypool's fury, so he allowed the silver and white tabby to go past him.

"What happened to her?" Hawkfrost asked Ravenwing before looking back at the wiry she-cat who still had her pelt bristled.

"We got into a little argument. She wasn't happy with what I said, so we got into an argument." Ravenwing recalled the snarling and snapping from earlier with Ivypool, who was still mad.

"She hasn't been into the best mood possible. Maybe what's happening at camp is stressing her out. For now, give her some space. Tell me if that too much to ask for." Before Hawkfrost padded off, he nuzzled Ravenwing's head, sharing the strong bond that they once held. *If I give her space, that will drift my own mother from everyone, even her own kin!* Ravenwing over thought a little. *Oh, why did you have to take Mistyfoot StarClan*? Ravenwing questioned her ancestors. *I need to sleep. Moonhigh will set soon and I'm still standing.* The black she-cat yawned and stretched before

heading to her own nest that rested next to Winterstorm's. *She's my littermate, so she ought to understand, right?*

Part 3

The water's little waves crashed among the cost, fish fleeing in every direction as pebbles got crunched by Winterstorm's paw steps. Beside the light, grey tabby was a dark brown tabby with unusual blue eyes. Both the she-cats were littermates, their parents being Ivypool and Hawkfrost, who weren't in the biggest love terms they used to be in.

"Ravenwing talked to me yesterday. She said Ivypool introduced her to a creamy and brown cat. She was unsure if Ivypool was telling the truth when she said the creamy she-cat is actually Hawkfrost's mother." Winterstorm swished her striped tail, rubbing it in the dirt.

"Just imagine that cat coming in camp and yelling, my kits! I would be laughing because Hawkfrost's embarrassed face is super funny!" Duskwind tried to recreate their father's face.

"That's not what I wanted to discuss. I wanted to discuss Ravenwing. I've never seen her so mad in my life. It looked like she could claw anyone's ears off completely!" Winterstorm growled at her littermate.

"How mad was she that you are saying that?" Duskwind put on a serious face on, the amusement fading out of her eyes.

"It looked like she and Ivypool got into the biggest argument yet," Winterstorm answered.

"That doesn't answer my question." Duskwind murmured, her voice steady as she spoke.

"I know, but I'm just saying what I'm thinking," Winterstorm told the dark brown tabby she-cat with a cool tone of voice.

"I hope Ivypool didn't get her too mad or else she'll be clawing our ears off by tonight." Duskwind shook her pelt as the sun shone brightly along their fur.

"I'm almost too certain she did. Ivypool never backs down from a fight." *Or did she this time because it was with one her kits?* Winterstorm dared herself not to say that out loud.

"She might have though. Remember that she did have an argument with one of her kits and not another clanmate. So, she might have backed down." Duskwind flawlessly read her thoughts as the dark brown tabby scampered through the pebbles along the stream shore.

"Can you read minds?" Winterstorm blurted out before slapping her own mouth her tail.

"How could you tell? Nah, I'm just kidding. But that would be amazing though." The dark brown tabby halted as the scent of rogue filled their noses.

"Come. And be the quietest you can possibly ever be." Duskwind hissed in a very low whisper, almost too quiet for Winterstorm to hear.

The two she-cats quietly and carefully stalked through the undergrowth, nearing the rogue with every paw step they could take. They came across an orange, black, and white rogue with an extremely puffy chest and blazing amber eyes that pierced the two she-cats.

"RiverClan I assume? Don't worry, I'm no danger to your Clan." The rogue said in a very humble tone of voice.

"What are you doing in our territory? I'm pretty sure if you can guess our Clan, you can also tell the scent markers. Now, get out or I'll make you." Winterstorm said in her best dangerous voice possible. The rogue blinked innocently as if nothing had happened.

"You heard her. She is very serious about her words. Now, you should go or my littermate will rip your pelt off completely." Duskwind snarled, her dark brown tabby pelt bristling.

"What in the name of StarClan is happening here?" Ivypool's voice entered the conversation.

"Ahh, Ivypool. How many moons has it been seen we've last seen each other? Here let me tell you, right now." The rogue churred.

"If it isn't the one and only you. Now, leave my daughters alone or you'll be facing me." Ivypool darted in front of the two she-cats.

"So you and Hawkfrost did end up having kits?" The rogue eyed the silver and white tabby with curiosity sparkling in his amber eyes.

"I thought you already knew that. Just keep him out of this and leave. I don't want blood to be spilled." Ivypool shot a look to the rogue.

"I thought you left him. You two haven't been in the highest note lately." The rogue flicked his tail.

"Have you been *spying* on RiverClan?" Ivypool snarled, claws unsheathing at the tom's remark.

"Maybe I have. Maybe I haven't. I like this conversation. Let's continue it if you'd like, *petal.*" The rogue mocked Hawkfrost, boiling Ivypool in anger.

"Calm her down! Hawkfrost won't be happy if we return an injured Ivypool to camp." Winterstorm hissed.

"I think it's way too late for that." Duskwind said in horror. Ivypool already plunged at the rogue.

"We have to stop her! Stop standing there and help me!" Winterstorm chased after her mother and the rogue, Duskwind closing at her heels.

"Don't you dare mock my mate you unworthy piece of frog-dirt!" Ivypool raked her claws against the rogue's side, which barely did anything but rip off his fur.

"Remember, *petal*. Cats with thick fur tend to not get injured in battle." The rogue simply held Ivypool by the throat after the she-cat's try.

"I wanna make your death nice and slow. How about the old jaw

clamper?" The rogue smiled, his teeth exposed.

"HURRY DUSKWIND!" Winterstorm called her older littermate who was behind.

"I can't... run..." Winterstorm knew her littermate didn't get her proper sleep.

"Well, here goes the pain. Remember this when you walk with those stupid dead cats of yours." That was the last thing the rogue said before clentching his teeth into her throat. Ivypool's shrill yell switched to a whimper then to nothing. The rogue let go and stalked off who knows where.

"IVYPOOL!" Winterstorm cried as the scarlet pool grew bigger with every paw step she took.

"No, no! IVYPOOL DON"T LEAVE!" Winterstorm wailed after her mother went limp.

"What are we going to tell the Clan?" Duskwind asked beside the light grey tabby.

"No, not the Clan, but Hawkfrost, Fluffytail, and Ravenwing." Winterstorm said with horror as she picked up her mother's limp body, blood slowly spraying onto her pelt.

"We just have to hope for the best."

Part 4

Hawkfrost paced in the medicine cat den, ignoring Mothwing's questions as he got lost on his thoughts. Winterstorm and Duskwind weren't back from their little walk and Ivypool wasn't in her nest like she had been earlier. He had no idea where they were and Hawkfrost was getting stressed out while anxiety was winning the best of him. Before the fluffy dark tabby could get any more lost in his thoughs, the smell of blood lingering in his nose.

"Someone get Mothwing!" Duskwind's yowl alarmed Hawkfrost with panic, so he quickly got Mothwing without saying anything. The two cats made their way to Duskwind's voice and into the crowd of cats, the scent of blood smelling stronger with every step.

"What in the name of StarClan happened?" Mothwing asked.

"I have no time to explain. My mother is going to die if we keep talking like this!" Winterstorm snarled, her dark blue eyes flaring up in anger. *Going to die? GOING TO DIE*? Hawkfrost's thoughts swirled around in his head with panic. *I can't loose her again! I won't let it happened*! Hawkfrost ran to Ivypool's aid, whose mouth was drooping in blood and throat clouded with much more blood. He hulled the little wiry she-cat to Mothwing's den, where Willowpaw was fetching the herbs for Ivypool's treatment.

"Lay her down here." Mothwing instructed, amber eyes clouded with panic as well. Hawkfrost gently layed his injured mate in the area Mothwing told him to while Willowpaw dabbed some more herbs.

Winterstorm and Duskwind entered, but lingered in the entrence, "I can't loose you again, petal. Please, oh please don't leave me like you did last time. I-I can't bare without you." Hawkfrost pressed his muzzle on her ear as the two medicine cats were treating her wound.

"The good thing is that it isn't too deep. The only bad thing is that

her attacker hit one of her veins, which will make this even more difficult." Mothwing told Hawkfrost.

"Please do your absolute best this time. I can't loose her now, espically since we our own family now. Please make sure she comes out fine. Please Mothwing." Hawkfrost whimpered, looking at his littermate with pleading eyes.

"I can't promise she'll make it, but I can guarantee she'll make it over night." Mothwing gently layed her tail on her shoulders.

"I'm hoping I can trust you again, Mothwing. We know what happened last time and I don't want it to happen again. Is that understood?" Hawkfrost growled, his pelt bristling.

"Do I look like StarClan to you?! She's in the paws of StarClan, not mine!" Mothwing snapped.

"So what good use are you if she isn't in your paws?!" Hawkfrost snarled, allowing his anger to spill on the golden tabby she-cat. Before he could allow his littermate to reply, Hawkfrost layed down beside the small, injured silver and white tabby she-cat.

"If that is how you are going to treat me, get out of my den and stay out." Mothwing curled her lip, rage glistening in her eyes.

"But she's my mate! I can stay next to her if I want to, not as you please!" Hawkfrost hissed.

"And I'm her medicine cat, so get out now!" Mothwing snarled.

"I'm also her deputy if you didn't know." Hawkfrost growled darkly.

"Just leave him alone, Mothwing. He's going through a lot of stress right now, so don't make it worse for him." Willowpaw told her mentor.

Mothwing opened her jaw, ready to say something, but Willowpaw interrupted her, "Please and thank you. Now, off you go." *At least a cat actually cares around here.* The dark tabby blinked thanfully to the pale grey tabby. She dipped her head before heading out. Leopardstar slithered in, her green eyes(she has green eyes for me)

gleaming with worry.

"Is she okay?" Leopardstar looked at Hawkfrost as she spoke.

"Her wound isn't too deep, but her attacker hit a vein." Hawkfrost answered, his eyes fixed on his injured mate.

"I hope she'll recover. She's one of our best warriors. Lossing her will be like lossing me or the whole Clan." Leopardstar padded closer but advanced slowly.

"I hope StarClan doesn't take her this time."

***

Moonlight danced and singed in camp while Hawkfrost was sharing his food with Duskwind.

"What did you mean by you can't loose Ivypool again?" Duskwind asked, her eyes were like swimming pools rippling. *Ivypool probably didn't tell them what happened to her while the heat wave was crashing on us.* Hawkfrost shifted his paws, not wanting to tell his kit the full truth.

"Father?" Duskwind looked at him, her eyes glimmering with pleading.

"I-It's really complicated. When the heat wave was hitting us, she got really sick. So sick that she 'died'. But what ended up happining is that StarClan gave her a chance since she was just made a warrior of RiverClan."

The dark brown tabby she-cat didn't say anything, but only stood up, turned around and left. *Go ahead then.* The fluffy tom jerked his muzzle towards Ivypool who left the medicine cat den not too long ago. Her eyes were unreadable as her gaze was locked with his. Looking around to make sure Leopardstar wasn't in sight, the fluffy dark tabby padded towards the wiry she-cat.

"When was the last time we had a normal conversation?" Hawkfrost asked as he settled beside her.

"Around a moon ago or something like that. I'm just glad we are spending time together right now." Ivypool's pelt brushed his.

"I miss those days. Where nothing got in our way of being happy." He murmured, sorrow hinting in his voice, "How is your wound doing? And who did it?"

"It stings. It's not too bad, but it stills hurts. An-" Ivypool was cut off by the paw steps of Leopardstar.

"Hawkfrost, I need you to assign two night patrols. That rouge that attacked Ivypool won't get away with it." Leopardstar growled before boudning off.

"I guess we'll talk another day." Before Hawkfrost could respond, the wiry silver and white tabby made her way to the warrior's den, leaving him.

Part 5

[image]

The bird's sang beautifully as RiverClan camp buzzed with excitement as the news of Feathertail and Reedwhisker's future litter bounced from cat to cat. Reedwhisker padded beside his younger littermate, Ivypool, who envied his happiness while she couldn't even talk properly with her own mate.

"How do you think my kits will look like? I think they'll be beautiful like their mother." Reedwhisker didn't notice Ivypool's bad mood and jealousy as he spoke. The silver and white tabby barely heard him since she was drowning in her thoughts.

"Do you think they'll be fierce like you?" Ivypool didn't hear him because she heard Hawkfrost's stressed voice as he was speaking with Leopardstar nearby the two talking cats.

"Leopardstar, you are stressing me and every cat out. No more than two patrols have to check the border. You send out five everyday!" Her mate complained, his pelt bristling in anger.

"Are you questioning my decisions?" The dappled golden tabby snarled, her green eyes beaming with disappointment. Ivypool didn't want to hear the rest of, not only because the RiverClan leader was getting mad, but because she heard her mate whimpering in stress.

"I wonder if Mistyfoot is proud up there in StarClan." Her littermate continued, but Ivypool stormed past him, not wanting to be reminded of her deceased mother. I will never, ever forgive Spiderleg for killing my mother. I will make sure he'll regret messing with my mother. The wiry she-cat recalled the black and brown tom slicing her mother's throat, exposing her inner red liquid. I'll make sure he feels the pain I have gone through. No. I'm not going to make sure, but will do it whenever I see him. But not during a Gathering. Ivypool thought with fury, unsheathing her claws and barring her teeth with her thought of revenge. Not only

do I have one enemy, but two. I won't forgive Brambleclaw that easily. The silver and white tabby lashed her tail, unaware where she was going.

"Ivypool? Is that you?" A familiar voice immediately caught the wiry she-cat's attention. She whipped around and saw a smoky grey she-cat, smaller than her.

"Ripplepaw?" Ivypool took some steps forward, shocked to see her deceased sister.

"Get back to camp." Ripplepaw faded away as she said that. The silver and white tabby immediately knew what the StarClan apprentice meant so she raced back to camp. The wind bristled beside her pelt as she raced past Rainstorm and Winterstorm.

The small, wiry silver and white tabby curled up on her nest, knowing what would happen next. Why now? Why not tomorrow or something? I just had one not too long ago. Ivypool thought as she braved herself for the worst to come. Everything faded away, only leaving herself there.

Sorry for the short chapter. I wanna do Ivypool's thing for the next part. Meh.

Part 6

[image]

Ash clouds circled around the she-cat as the roaring of fire rang into her ears, making her cough as the smoke flew and danced. There was little, scared mewling behind her; there were two kits, a sandy grey tom with dark brown flecks on his chest and a tortoiseshell she-cat with white flecks around her face. The fire's flames increased in size as the three cats walked quickly.

"Mama, we're stuck!" The little she-cat's terrified yowl split through the air, making the silver and white tabby to snap her gaze towards the kit. The kit was behind a burning branch, the little tom beside her, trembling with wide green eyes.

"Don't worry! Mama's got you!" The silver and white tabby realized she didn't say that, but the cat who she was seeing with.

"Hurry mama! Please! I don't wanna go to StarClan yet!" The little tom cried as a branch collapsed behind the running mother. The fire's embers glittered in the mother's pelt as she ran, getting closer to her kits.

The fire burned her muzzle as she removed the branch, "Get on my back! Quick!" The two kits climbed onto her back, their little claws gripping on strongly as the mother cat ran as fast as her legs could take her. More embers fell from the branches, which piled on top of the mother cat's tail as she ran, her kits clinging on her back. The fire blazed through the area as the mother cat gained insane speed as she jumped and ran. Once the three cats made it, the mother collapsed, breathing heavily.

"Mama, how do think papa is doing?" The little tom asked, fear crawling on his voice.

"Mama said he is in a better place. Remember that, Thrushkit." The little she-cat mewed.

"Thank StarClan! You're alive!" A familiar voice rang into the she-cat's ears.

"Stormfur, take care of Turtlekit and Thrushkit, please. To make me happy." The silver and white tabby begged, her eyes filling up with death.

"I will. Thrushkit, Turtlekit, say goodbye to mama." Stormfur whispered, grief spilling out.

"Will she be with papa?" Turtlekit asked.

"I will. Goodbye my precious kits. Behave for the Clan and Stormfur. Promise mama you'll make the best warriors you can be." The she-cat told her kits, fighting for breath.

"Goodbye mama. We promise." The two kits lingered around their dying their mother. Life gasped out of the silver and white tabby, making her go limp. The two kits let out a wail of grief as their mother went to join StarClan. Stormfur pressed his muzzle on her neck before allowing his tears to fall out of his eyes, rolling down the silver and white tabby's pelt.

"Goodbye, Ivypool."

Part 7

[image]

"Ivypool? Ivypool!" Hawkfrost's panicked voice struck the silver and white tabby's ears. Moonlight had already fluttered while Ivypool had her vision.

"H-Hawkfrost?" Ivypool stirred up, horrified of what she saw.

"Petal, oh thank StarClan you're okay! I thought you weren't going to wake up." The fluffy dark tabby pressed his muzzle on her.

"It was a seizure. Of course I was going to wake up." Ivypool breathed in the normal scent of RiverClan instead of embers and smoke.

"What was your vision about?" The silver and white tabby made herself comfortable on her nest, her mate settling beside her.

"I saw a lot of smoke and fire. There were two kits behind me. We ran and ran, but both got trapped by a burning branch. I managed to help them so we got back to running. Once we were there, Stormfur greeted us before I collapsed. Turtlekit, one of the kits, said if I was going with their father, which I assumed was you. We said goodbye to each other before I passed on to StarClan with you." Ivypool surpassed a shiver of fear.

"Do you think it'll become true? Most of your visions come true..." The fluffy dark tabby's voice trailed off, fear glistening in his icy blue eyes.

"Please don't say that. I can't loose you after what we've been through together." Ivypool rested her muzzle on the fluffy tom's chest.

"And I couldn't loose you either." Hawkfrost put his bright pink nose on her head. *But what could it mean? Does it mean that either Hawkfrost or myself are going to die soon?* The more the wiry she-cat

thought about it, the fluffier her pelt was getting; what if that was a vision to warn her that Hawkfrost shouldn't die? What if that fire happened if Hawkfrost died? It almost seemed that was the best conclusion, but the silver and white tabby didn't want to believe it.

"Well, I have to go organize patrols. If you have more detail, you can always tell me." Hawkfrost nuzzled her ear before heading out, tail slithering on the ground. Ivypool was dying to know the full truth why StarClan even send her that. *And why would StarClan keep sending me visions? I'm not a medicine cat, but is my destiny is to become one? What would I do without Hawkfrost looking out for me? Why do answers have to be so difficult to find? Why does life have to be so difficult?* Ivypool thought, paws aching for her awaiting answers. She stood up and left her nest, sunlight milking her pelt as she skirted out of the warrior's den. *When will the sun shone bright on me?* She sang in her head, awaiting the true answer. *When will I know you haven't turned your back on us?* A sweet, but harsh voice sang in her head; *Ripplepaw...*

So I know FluffyChickens5055 did make Ivypool song in the end of one of her chapters, but you'll see why Ripplepaw said that eventually.

Part 8

[image]

Winterstorm padded beside the stream, pebbles crunching at her paws as Rainstorm walked beside her, pelt almost brushing hers. His mottled blue-grey pelt stuck out while her own light grey tabby fur looked like a random clump of grey snow.

"This weather is nice; the rain can keep us cool." Rainstorm meowed, whiskers getting frosted by the rain and dew.

"I'm glad Feathertail's kits decided to come during this nice weather." The light grey tabby she-cat recalled Feathertail giving birth to two toms; Smokekit and Oakkit.

"I wonder when I'll have kits?" Rainstorm suddenly brought up.

"I'm sure you will." She assured her friend.

"But what if it is with a certain she-cat?" He looked at her, blue eyes piercing her pelt. *Great StarClan what is he thinking about now? Every cat says he loves me, but do I love him?* Winterstorm gulped her nervousness,

"W-What are you hinting at exactly?" She asked, knowing what answer she was going to get.

"I don't know if I made it obvious, but I..." The mottled tom trailed off.

"C'mon. You can tell me." The light grey tabby urged him.

"Winterstorm, I lo-" The tom was cut off by a yowl that rang across the two cats.

"It sounds like a she-cat! We might have to help her." The light grey tabby raced towards the loud yowls, Rainstorm at her heels. The two RiverClan cats saw the little lily white she-cat who was bleeding and yowling.

"H-Help me!" She cried as blood streamed down her shoulder. The two cats raced to the injured, lily white she-cat who was still bleeding and yowling. Winterstorm allowed the injured lily white she-cat lean on her shoulder while Rainstorm checked her wound, more like examine her. The two RiverClan cats took the lily white she-cat back to camp where they were greeted by Hawkfrost and Ivypool who were probably going to go hunt. The silver and white tabby shot the lily white she-cat while Winterstorm's father shifted his paws, obviously finding it hard on what to do or say.

"And who is this exactly?" Ivypool suddenly asked, her deep aqua eyes glistening in aggression, possible battle hunger too.

"Rainstorm and I were walking then we heard her yowlings. We went to investigate and we found her yowling and bleeding near the New-leaf Twoleg bridge." Winterstorm explained to her mother and father who still looked outraged or at least Ivypool was. Hawkfrost was still shifting his paws, trying to find the correct words to tell the three cats who were now covered in blood by the lily white she-cat.

"Let's just take her with Willowshine and Mothwing: her wound looks deep." Her father seemed to care about the she-cat as he has known her for moons. Her mother in the other hand didn't seem pleased at all with the fluffy dark tabby's conclusion. *She's been so aggressive nowadays. She always seems ready to kill anyone if they did a very wrong move. What if I made a wrong move? What if she doesn't like Rainstorm but yet, I became mates with him? Would she kill him and me? Is that how much my own mother has changed?* She had begun to worry on the decisions she would make since Ivypool probably didn't like the cat she loved. *Wait, love? Didn't I think he loved me but I didn't? How does this even work? Ugh.* The light grey tabby looked at Rainstorm who was helping Hawkfrost take the white she-cat to Mothwing's den. Her mother had left to talk to Willowshine. Looking around to make sure no one saw what she was doing, Winterstorm quietly and slowly slithered to the talking she-cats.

"This she-cat brings bad luck. Even her name goes with her horrible personality." Ivypool growled quietly.

"Her name is Jinx that you are saying that, right?" Willowshine asked softly, so soft Winterstorm could barely hear her.

"Yes. Her name is Jinx. She does believe in StarClan, but only so she can train in the Dark Forest. She is very weird for a kittypet."

"Why would any cat train in the Dark Forest? Can't they see how evil it is?"

"But there are some who are only going there to spy, kinda like me."

"Oh yeah. I forgot there are cats who do believe in peace and only do go there to spy on those stupid pieces of frog-dung."

"We need to keep our eyes on Jinx. She is bad news and is known for being deleterious around most cats, even Tigerstar himself."

"Suggest we spy on her? We can't let her destroy our Clan with one step into our territory." Willowshine concluded before Mothwing called her over. Ivypool snored before heading back to the entrance of their camp.

"Winterstorm, you better not tell any cat what you just heard. Did I make myself clear?" Ivypool meowed. The light grey tabby only nodded her head.

"Sorry for distancing myself from everyone. There are so many things going on in life that I really can't find time to comfort myself around my kin. Even though I am throwing you out of my life, for now, I could never be so proud of what you guys have become. I hope you and Rainstorm can find your rightful love and peace with each other." Ivypool gently nuzzled her head. She suddenly felt like being in the nursery again, where she would tumble and scamper with her littermate while Hawkfrost and Ivypool were watching over them, having a peaceful conversation with each, but now, Winterstorm knew that would probably never happen ever again.

"Why did things go so different? Why can't things be the way they once were moons ago?" The light grey tabby put her head on her mother's shoulder.

"Things happen for a reason, but I'm not sure this happened for a

certain reason." Ivypool's calming voice that had once soothed the light grey tabby had, once again, soothed her.

"I wish I could have stayed a kit forever." Winterstorm whispered as she felt her mother's soothing tongue rasp over her head.

"And I would love that more than my life." Ivypool murmured, love and affection with some sadness mixed in.

"But you have an awesome life! Why would you say that?" Winterstorm took some steps back, shock scorching her pelt.

"I've made many mistakes in my life by this point. Besides, you know what is happening between Hawkfrost and me. I enjoyed his company, but now that I recall what happened, maybe his love might have been fake." Ivypool pushed past her before the light grey tabby could say anything. *Is that how Ivypool feels? Does she feel like my father has been her fake mate and seen Jinx for the past moons? I mean, he did seem to know her by the way he was acting.... no! I don't want it to be true! Please StarClan, don't tell me my own father has been seeing this rogue!* The light grey tabby looked up at the sky, it's milky blue color shone bright on her. *I don't want my littermates to suffer from my father's mistake, but who would suffer more? Us or Ivypool? I'm most certain Ivypool is going to suffer the most. She has always loved him, but why would Hawkfrost return those feelings if he had been seeing Jinx? Would Rainstorm do that if we ever become mates?* Winterstorm shook that thought out of her head and focused on what she was going to do with her life today.

Part 9

[image]

Jinx's sudden appearance really sparked Hawkfrost to his limits; he had known the white she-cat for moons, way too many moons to count that is how he has known her. Not only would it possibly affect his reputation in the Clan, but his relationship with his mate, Ivypool, who seemed to practically ignore him most of the time, by most of the time is actually all the time. She had distanced herself from everyone, keeping all her secrets, feelings, dreams, emotions, and love to herself, not giving it to anybody but their kits and not him. *I'm not jealous, or am I?* He thought as he walked beside the silver and white tabby she-cat, who hasn't said a word yet.

"Ivypool, are you mad at me?" He asked. He didn't get an answer like he hoped he would.

"Ivypool, you know you can't just shut me out of your life. I'm your mate and whatever happens to you matters to me." He needed answers from the she-cat.

"Maybe if you were my mate, you would have told all those pesky cats to leave you alone, but you enjoy their company so much you don't even bother with me anymore." She growled.

"I never said I enjoyed their company! So don't even try to assume."

"Really? Are you seriously going to start lying to me?!"

"I've never lied to you and I won't unless you want me to."

"If it's to make you happy, then go right ahead. I'm not gonna stop you."

"What's gotten into you? What happened to happy Ivypool? Where is the she-cat that I fell in love with?!"

"Are you sure you fell in love?"

"Of course! Why else would I have kits with you?"

"To prove your loyalty to Leopardstar."

"Why can't you even have a second to hear my side? Why do you always have to be the one to start and finish arguments?"

"I don't have to hear your side, I've already seen it."

"But you didn't even bother with it! I've had enough of your ignorant nature! Do you think it doesn't hurt to see you start distancing yourself from me? I still care about you even if you don't. After what we've been through together, I would never have cared as much as I do to you. You can dislike me all you want, but just know that I care." Hawkfrost turned and left, furry pricking at his pelt. He had never snapped at the silver and white tabby before and doing it now really hurt since he wouldn't know what her reaction would be; but why should he care? She doesn't like him anymore, so why should he even care the smallest amount? *Oh, who am I kidding? Even if she does hate me, I won't stop loving her even if she is shutting me out of her life.* The fluffy tom sighed in defeat, some tars sprinkling down his eyes. *All I wanted was to be happy with her and our kits, and yet, I can't go with a heartbeat before Ivypool gets all moody. Was it wrong falling for her?* His thoughts were cut short by a familiar, yet a voice he hated.

"What's wrong Hawk? Poutin' over how you can't get me?" Jinx sneered.

"Shut up! I never liked you and you very well know that." He growled, his pelt bristling.

"An' who would ever take you seriously? You like em' chickens I saw back in the farm before I came here. If you don't get my point 'cause you are stupid, your fur is fluffy." The lily white she-cat tucked her tail on her paws.

"Hmphm! If you saw my claws you would probably regret that."

"I've been knowin' you for moons, Hawk. Oh wait, I don't think you go by that anymore, do ya?"

"No, I don't. Leopardstar gave me the name Hawkfrost."

"I feel like she should have called you *Hawt*frost. You lookin' like smoke since the last time I saw you."

"Are you kidding me right now?"

"I ain't kiddin'. I don't understand how you came out so nice lookin' while Tigerstar lookin' like a burnt chicken nugget."

"This isn't kittypet territory, stupid. Use Clan cat words or else no one will understand you."

"Pardon me then. Well, if you ain't gonna try to remember what a burnt chicken nugget is, it's a thing made from chicken. See how easy it was to guess?" Jinx stood up, padded towards him, then ran her tail on his chin.

"Err, I don't think that is necessary." He backed up, weirded out by her sudden behavior.

"Don't be playin' stupid! I know you still got em' feelings for me." She churred.

"Only cats who don't have a life like you." Hawkfrost turned and left, pelt still bristling. Once he placed one paw into the camp, Hawkfrost let all his anger out into the air.

"Hey! How did your hunting with Ivypool go?" Feathertail asked when he trotted next to the nursery.

"Umm, well... it didn't go as planned sadly." Hawkfrost saw the light grey tabby's kits tumbling all over her tail.

"I really thought you two would get back into the same terms. Ever since Jinx came, she has been more aggressive than she did before Jinx came." Feathertail mewed.

"That's because that pesky she-cat wants all my attention even though she knows that Ivypool is my mate."

"I don't know if it is true, but Jinx's name reminds me that it means

bad luck. Suppose she really is bad luck which is why you and Ivypool have become more distant?" Feathertail shivered.

"I highly doubt that. It could be just that Jinx wants all the attention. Once she is better, perhaps Ivypool and I can get better." He hadn't told the queen the whole truth, but he just her what she needed to know.

"Ma, I want to be an apprentice now!" Smokekit boasted.

"Yeah!" Oakkit flanked beside his littermate.

"Well, you two will be apprentices within two moons." Hawkfrost mewed.

"When will we be apprentices?" Bubblekit's question caught all the cats attention.

"We wanna be apprentices too!" Her littermates, Spiderkit and Birdkit, wailed.

"Hush now. Hawkfrost is only one cat. Besides, you have around three moons before becoming apprentices." Their mother, Otterheart, silenced them.

"Now, why don't you go get a piece of fresh-kill then sleep? Leopardstar she needs lots of patrols tomorrow." Feathertail suggested.

"Um okay." The fluffy dark tabby headed towards the fresh-kill pile here Rainstorm was lingering.

"Hey, um Hawkfrost. Since Winterstorm is your daughter, do you have a clue what kind of prey she likes?" Rainstorm looked at him.

"Her favorite is minnow." Hawkfrost recalled his daughter's announcement to him, she had officially became mates with Rainstorm.

"Right. Thanks." Rainstorm dabbed a minnow before heading back to Winterstorm.

"I bet you are proud of Winterstorm." Fluffytail's voice caught his attention.

"Yes, I certainly am. I just never thought she would have a mate at such a young age."

Part 10

[image]

Some cat rituals will be discussed later. Mature ish content only for this chapter!!!

—-

Jinx has off to who knows where, which led to Ivypool and Willowshine to follow the white she-cat a little over RiverClan territory, anxiety rose from tail to whisker as the two she-cats followed the rogue. Rain pelted down as the two RiverClan cats followed the deleterious she-cat into the undergrowth, mist, and dew swirling around the ground.

"Sol? Sol are you here?" Jinx started to call, voice raising then falling as she finished saying the tom's name.

"Jinx? They kicked you out already?" Sol's humble voice caused Ivypool to drag Willowshine behind a bush.

"No, not yet. Ain't no one know what I'm doin'." The white she-cat meowed briskly.

"Is Ivypool dead yet from last time?" Sol asked, tail flicking.

"Sadly no. She still standin' in those four legs of hers." Jinx sat down.

"Kill her when you are alone with her. Her presence bugs me more than anything. She distracts you from your plans, *our* plans." Sol growled.

"What do you exactly mean by em' words?"

"She is distracting you from Hawkfrost. He is a good member to have by our side, not to mention he still has those learns from the Dark Forest that you and Tigerstar taught him.

"Ahh yes. Hawkfrost. I'll see what I can do. Perhaps I can make him go head over heels for me? I know how to do that."

"If it's to get him into our side, then go right ahead. I'm not going to stop you from your happiness."

"Oh wait."

"What know, Jinx?"

"Maybe I can get fake items to make it seem like their stupid StarClan send a prophecy."

"And what will the objects be?"

"A frosted hawk's feather and a piece of ivy. They represent Hawkfrost and Ivypool. We can have wet pebbles to represent RiverClan, the hawk feather's among them. The piece of ivy can be back, alone like she is."

"That there, is a very nice plan. I can't wait to hear what you have to tell me when Ivypool is gone. I wanna have the pleasure to kill her when she becomes a rogue."

"Make her bleed for the second time."

"Oh, I will. I will make sure she dies in my mouth or paws. I can't wait to see Hawkfrost's face when he hears that Ivypool died."

The two cats continued to talk about the most random stuff ever, making Ivypool and Willowshine quietly slip out and go back to camp.

"What are we going to do now? These two cats are at our tails!" Willowshine complained when the two she-cats entered the medicine cat den.

"We can't attack now. That'll cause unnecessary scolding by Leopardstar. She's already gotten weaker with every moon, so we don't need her to start snapping and snarling at us." Ivypool started pacing.

"Maybe we can wait for them to make their move?"

"But that might take a while. I've been knowing Jinx for only, um I don't know, three, two moons? I haven't known her for too long, but I can tell you that she likes things her way and slow."

"Great StarClan then! Oh, and also tell me if she does anything bad in the Dark Forest."

"She's always doing something bad, but different every time. I'll keep my eyes on her and make sure she won't leave my sight."

"Whenever you get the chance, can you try to kill her. She is so annoying with her trying to charm."

"Trying to take Rainstorm and Hawkfrost's attention." Ivypool agreed with the pale grey tabby.

***

Ivypool trotted beside Duskwind, who was talking with Beechfur. The moon shown bright with it's milky light as the RiverClan cats walked to the Gathering's peaceful land, where the other Clans would be waiting for them. For some odd reason, Ivypool was somewhat excited to see her enemy, Brambleclaw. For the last couple of days since she and Willowshine went to go spy on Jinx, she had been seeing ThunderClan's deputy for questions and answers from him. They made their way to the Gathering's clearing where ThunderClan was waiting for them.

Where is he... oh! There he is. Without any cat looking, Ivypool quickly slipped to the ThunderClan deputy.

"Hello there, Poison Ivy." He greeted her.

"Ahh, Frog-dung Bramble, how are you?" She sat next to him.

"I'm doing fine. How about you Poison Ivy?" He purred.

"Oo, am I doing great, Frog-dung Bramble." She said sarcastically.

"By your sarcasm, I know that's a lie. Things still aren't going great

are they?" Brambleclaw shifted closer, but Ivypool didn't notice.

"Well, of course not! Frog-brained Jinx is always getting in the way. She's also working for and with Sol." The silver and white tabby growled.

"Alright, alright. Come down Poison Ivy. Nothing is happening yet." The dark brown tabby stroked her back.

"Yeah, *yet.* I want life to go back to normal, where stupid Jinx wouldn't be in my life." She complained.

"We get things be never want. I never really wanted Squirrelflight (oof I know that they luv each other, but it my story so yeah). She's great, but not the cat I was hoping to get with." Brambleclaw shifted his paws.

"But why would she have your kits then?" Ivypool tipped her head, confused.

"I don't know to be honest. I don't remember mating with her really. Maybe Lionblaze, Hollyleaf, And Jayfeather really aren't my kits?" The dark brown tabby looked sad almost If it was true.

"I highly doubt it. She's crazy in love with you, just like moons ago." The silver and white tabby tried to comfort the tom, but he wasn't convinced.

"Err yeah, but she isn't..." His voice trailed off.

"She isn't what? Is there something you're hiding Frog-dung Bramble?"

"Oh Poison Ivy, if only you could understand, but you won't." The tom left her, blinking in confusion. *Umm, okay? Well, I better get back.* The she-cat skirted back to her own Clan, Duskwind was still talking to Beechfur.

"It's hard to believe my own littermate is already expecting kits! Can't you believe it?" Duskwind squealed.

"Are you thinking of getting kits of your own?" Beechfur asked her.

"I don't think I have the right amount of patience to even have a mate. If I can't keep a mate, then I obviously can't keep kits." The dark brown she-cat meowed. *They are talking about Winterstorm. StarClan... why did she want kits so early? Does she want to recreate me being a mother? Yeah, no. I highly doubt it.* Ivypool walked past the talking cats and headed next to Fluffytail.

"Are you proud of Winterstorm?" He asked her.

"Not really. I mean, sure it's exciting to know our Clan is getting stronger, but we already have two litters waiting to be apprentices so I don't see why Winterstorm should have kits. She's young and has a lot more to life, but decides to have kits. Really disappointing if you ask me again."

"Both Rainstorm and Winterstorm are young. Would it be a coincidence if their kits had storm at the end of their name like their parents?"

"Maybe." Ivypool wanted to go to sleep. *Sleep is something that will keep me away from these stupid issues I'm having within my Clan.*

Part 11

[image]

The smell of smoke and embers hit Hawkfrost's nose, but he didn't care too much since it wasn't in RiverClan territory. Rain cracked as lightning crackled in the sky, making the wind stronger than it already was, and Hawkfrost didn't like the weather, but for some reason, Ivypool did.

"This weather might bring a horrible storm, or maybe even fire," Rippletail told Ivypool, who were both at Hawkfrost's right.

"I'm pretty sure there already is a fire. I can smell the smoke and embers. They might be coming from ThunderClan territory." Ivypool's pelt bristled as she said ThunderClan.

"StarClan will know what to do. ThunderClan is in their paws." Rippletail twitched his tail.

"They are not in StarClan's paws and I'll make sure of that!" Ivypool hissed before dashing.

"That she-cat has some anger issues. I'm not surprised Winterstorm, Duskwind, and Fluffytail have it too." Rippletail murmured to Hawkfrost before going after the she-cat. The fluffy tom followed the grey tabby, but the scent of a squirrel caught his attention so he decided to go after it.

"I didn't think you would come." Jinx's voice made Hawkfrost growl.

"What now Jinx? Are you here to bother me with that dead squirrel you caught?" The fluffy dark tabby snarled.

"Of course not silly! Fluffytail, get over here now!" The lily white she-cat called his son.

"Yes, O great Jinx?" The younger dark tabby sighed, icy eyes gleaming with annoyance.

"Tell our visitor here what I told you." Jinx told the tom with a calm, but harsh voice.

"He is not a visitor! He's my father!" Fluffytail spat.

"Do you even remember the deal I made with you? Or are RiverClan cats that stupid?" Jinx pinned the dark tabby down.

"Get off him!" Hawkfrost bolted Jinx off the dark tabby.

"How about you get off me!" Jinx snarled before placing her claws on Hawkfrost's side.

"How about you leave my son out of your life!" Hawkfrost pinned the she-cat by her head to the ground.

"Kill me then I know it will make your life more simple than it already is." Jinx hissed.

"I'm not a killer like you. You killed your own mother and father! Also your other littermates!" He snapped, ready to kill the she-cat if he needed to.

"Those cats were cowards! I don't want to be a burden of some stupid cats who didn't know the meanin' of life! But I know and that is to kill cats who made you suffer!" Jinx slipped out of Hawkfrost's grip and clawed his cheek.

"And what have I or Fluffytail done to you? Absolutely nothing!" Hawkfrost hooked his claws on the she-cat's throat.

"I never planned to kill Fluffytail or you. Look over there. You'll see what I mean." Hawkfrost looked at where Jinx's muzzle rested. A hawk's feather was surrounded by wet rocks while a piece of ivy was left alone.

"That's for the medicine cats. Now let me go or I will kill you." Jinx growled, warning edging her voice.

"Then leave Fluffytail out of your life and make he stays out or you'll pay the consequences!" Hawkfrost let the she-cat go, her collar making a clacking sound as she hit the ground.

"Thanks for that! I thought I was going to go to the fresh-kill pile!" Fluffytail breathed in joy.

"Well, you're my son so it's my duty to protect you." Hawkfrost gently nuzzled Fluffytail's ear.

"I wonder who Smokekit and Oakkit's mentors are going to be? Speaking of them, we have to go to camp!" Fluffytail bounded to camp, Hawkfrost at his tail. Once they arrived, everyone was there, Smokekit and Oakkit were in the middle, Leopardstar ready to appoint their mentors.

"Dapplenose, you will mentor Oakpaw. I know I can trust you to pass on the warrior code and the skills to make Oakpaw an excellent warrior." Dapplenose and Oakpaw touched noses.

"Smokekit, from now on until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Smokepaw. Ivypool, I know I can trust you to mentor Smokepaw. Pass on the warrior code and the right skills to him so he can become an excellent warrior." Ivypool stepped up then touched noses with the dark grey tabby apprentice.

"Also, Robinpaw, step up." The tortoiseshell apprentice looked surprised.

"I, Leopardstar, call down my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his turn. Robinpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?" Leopardstar asked, her whiskers quivering as rain fell on them.

"I do." The tortoiseshell tom was shaking.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Robinpaw, from this moment you will be known as Robinwing. StarClan honors your loyalty and bravery and we welcome you as a full warrior of RiverClan." Robinwing gently licked Leopardstar's shoulder.

"Robinwing! Robinwing!" The young warrior flattened his ears an

embarrassment as his clanmates called his name.

"Congrats Robinwing." Hawkfrost told the tom. He dipped his head before going to his spot near the entrance of the camp. Ivypool and Dapplenose led Smokepaw and Oakpaw out of camp, explaining to them what they were going to do. *I still remember teaching Ivypool the ways of the warrior. It felt like so many moons ago, but that is because it was.* Hawkfrost sighed while all the memories of the old forest came to him. *I wonder how Sasha is? I haven't seen her in moons and I truly miss her, even if she rejected Mothwing and me.* Hawkfrost suddenly felt sad as the memories of his mother plunged onto his shoulders.

"Hawkfrost, can we talk?" Winterstorm's voice took all his attention.

"Sure?" The fluffy dark tabby turned to look at his daughter.

"I'm having this bad vibe when Jinx is in the nursery. I don't know if you have it too, but I don't want to risk my kits when that she-cat is around. She's already caused some damage." Hawkfrost knew the damage that the light grey tabby queen was talking about, but he didn't want extra detail on it.

"I'll make sure to put her in her place whenever I get the chance to. And I promise I'll have Ivypool help me to get rid of that pesky she-cat. My words, my promise."

Part 12

Smokepaw trotted after his silver and white mentor as rain sprinkled down from the sky, fog dancing around him and Ivypool. He liked the how nice RiverClan territory, the soft crashing of the stream with little minnows scampering all over as Ivypool showed him around.

"Since we have water surrounding our territory, the other Clans don't even bother to fight us. They are scared to get their paws wet." Ivypool meowed as Smokepaw was following her.

"Even rogues?" He asked.

"Rogues... they have their ways and we have ours." The silver and white tabby she-cat looked at him.

"Do you know their ways?" He tipped his head.

"No, but I can tell you that they don't like us, that's for sure." The she-cat jerked her muzzle to the water.

"Oh." The dark grey tabby tom twitched his ear before continuing to follow his mentor. The wind began to pick up, causing both cats to fluff up their pelts.

"This is odd wind we're getting. And the wind." Ivypool flattened her ears.

"Suppose it is a storm?" Smokepaw twitched his ear, looking around as leaves from trees ran along the wind just as minnows to their family.

The silver and white tabby shook her head, "This wind and rain is too much for a storm, well a regular storm."

"Do you know any other storms?" The dark grey tabby sprinted next to Ivypool.

"Err, I only know floods, thunderstorms, and heat waves. That's about it." The she-cat eyed him as he sneezed. She halted so then he did.

"I smell... grass and dung." She growled after a long period of walking.

"I see nothing with either." He sat down since Ivypool kept eyeing around.

"Grass, nothing is wrong it's just that dung smells like fox." Meowed she. Smokepaw wasn't completely aware of the damage of foxes, but by the way his mentor spoke they weren't friends but foes. The two RiverClan cats saw a fox, three smaller ones following it.

"What in the name of StarClan...?" Ivypool took two steps forward, her apprentice doing the same. Just then a siren went off, making both cats flatten their ears.

"What is happening?" Smokepaw cried when Ivypool led him back to camp.

"I don't know, but whatever it is we have to go back and warn the others. Can you catch up?" Ivypool said before getting ready to run. The young tom didn't say anything, but he did nod before following the she-cat. They ran and ran, but the wind made them go right from where they ran forward. Smokepaw squealed once his paws weren't on the ground anymore, causing Ivypool to stop and try to get him. The strong wind carried him to a tree where he would cling on to life.

"Hold on Smokepaw!" Ivypool called, stopping to check the tree and what to do.

"Help!!!" He cried once he heard the branch he held on starting to crack. Luckily for him, Ivypool began to spring into action even if her pelt was wet.

"Stay still!" She ordered. The tom did what his mentor told him even if it meant to loose his life in the branch. Ivypool climbed the tree, nearing him with every paw she placed down. From where she

was, she jumped to the branch he held on to, grabbed his scruff, and dropped him. Smokepaw fell to the ground where the rain quickened on him.

The branch Ivypool stood on snapped, causing the she-cat fall while still clutching the branch. The two things hit the ground, Smokepaw's mentor not moving from where the branch was, which was on top of her. The dark grey tabby apprentice rolled the branch off of his mentor before the wind claimed it as its own. He shook her with his paws, fortunately she did wake up.

"Go on Smokepaw. Just go back to camp." She whispered, lifting her head up then dropping it.

"I can't leave you behind. You're my mentor." He growled.

She sighed in defeat, "Just go. I'll be there soon." Smokepaw turned around and ran back to camp, checking behind him. Ivypool was falling behind, limping but still going strong as ever. The wind and rain got harder as they neared camp, making Smokepaw freeze in his fear. Ivypool ran beside him and grabbed his scruff without stopping and continued her way back to camp. Robinwing And Hawkfrost were guarding the camp entrance, fear plastered on their eyes just like the wind to the earth.

Ivypool pushed herself behind the two toms as fear sprinkling in the camp as cats looked at the two with anxiety. She let go of Smokepaw who couldn't move or even speak.

"What's happening." Leopardstar demanded.

"A... bad... storm." Ivypool panted between words, collapsing to the ground. Smokepaw only opened his mouth, his fear flushing out.

"Well, what kind of storm." Hawkfrost muttered beside her leader once he stepped closer.

"We don't... know." Smokepaw managed to say before closing his mouth.

"I know! Many Twolegs talked about it!" Mothwing came out of the medicine cat den.

"Well?" The leader and deputy said at the same time, their impatience killing them with every breath. Smokepaw was helping his mentor back up on her feet while the medicine cat spoke.

The golden tabby took a deep breath, "It's a tornado."

Part 13

The tornado ripped across the clearing, the RiverClan cats running as fast as they could ever go. Ivypool never remembered that she could have ran this fast, but it felt like she had done this very many times in her life. She saw her clanmates get on a mini hedge, helping each other up.

"Smokepaw, come here!" She called to her apprentice. The dark grey tabby tom looked at her, terrified, like his fur could come off at any time that is how scared he was.

"Climb up my back and follow your clanmates. I'll be right behind you." Ivypool told her apprentice before the tom did as he was told. Looking around, the silver and white tabby she-cat soon came to realize she was the last cat. With the extra weight of Smokepaw off her, Ivypool proceeded to carry on without help, or so it seemed. Placing her paws first, Ivypool was very unaware of Jinx approaching her.

"Well, well, ain't we meeting again?" Jinx's cold and murderous voice sent cold shivers down Ivypool's spine.

"J-Jinx, help me get up." As she said that, Ivypool could feel the wind of the tornado nearing.

"Helpin' you? Why would I do such a thing." Jinx lashed her tail. Ivypool growled as she struggled, starting to lose her balance during the process.

"Listen here, Sol and I have great plans, and you won't be in the way. So rot in the Dark Forest!" As Jinx snarled, she pushed Ivypool off, causing rocks to jab at the silver and white tabby's pelt.

"I... am not... going down... without a... fight!" Ivypool hissed before leaping at the lily white she-cat. At this point, Ivypool had completely ignored the fact that the wing was picking up faster than it has ever done. Placing one of her paws on Jinx's chest,

Ivypool ran her claws down the she-cat's stomach. The lily white she-cat yowled in pain before laying limp, her eyes wide open as blood poured down her mouth. *I-I did it. I killed her. I actually killed her...* Ivypool laughed a bit in relief, ignoring the calls of her mate and kits before getting swallowed whole by the tornado.

Part 14

Sometime later...

"Ivypool! Ivypool, where are you?" Hawkfrost called, almost losing his balance because of how worried he was.

"Hawkfrost, I-I think she died," Fluffytail whispered to his right. The fluffy dark brown tabby tom whipped his head around to where his son was. In front of his son was a silver and white tabby she-cat, unmoving as blood sputtered out from some opened wounds.

"I-Ivypool..." Hawkfrost began to tear up, shaking in sadness that he has never felt before.

"But at least she killed Jinx." Winterstorm sighed in sadness beside Duskwind.

"She'll rest along Mistyfoot and Ripplepaw." Ravenwing meowed sadly. Hawkfrost ignored his kits sadden words as he curled up beside his dead mate. He placed his paw on her chest, hoping he would feel a heartbeat, but sadly he never found it.

"Ivypool... you told me you weren't going to leave me again? Why'd you do it?" As he spoke, Hawkfrost's tears emerged from his eyes and onto Ivypool's pelt.

"You told me!" Hawkfrost cried before burying his nose into her fur. His kits said no more, joining their father mourn for the loss for their mother.

"She was the best. I-I could never ask for a better mother. I regret yelling at her before Jinx came to the clan." Ravenwing trembled, slowly starting losing her words. The five cats helped one another take the dead silver and white she-cat back with the others. Once they arrived, they realized Leopardstar was holding a meeting.

"So we will probably go back to camp until tomorr-" Leopardstar

was cut off as the five cats entered their area.

"Is she?" Mothwing asked, horror filling her voice. Hawkfrost didn't answer, but he nodded sadly, not wanting to accept the fact that his mate was dead.

"I-I... am sorry..." Mothwing whispered, tucking her tail between her legs. Hawkfrost, Ravenwing, Duskwind, Fluffytail, and Winterstorm carried Ivypool to the middle of the clearing so the others could mourn.

"Thank you guys for taking care of your mother for so long," Hawkfrost told his four kits.

"You're welcome."

Epilogue

"Ivypool? Ivypool!" The soft voice of Hawkfrost made Ivypool shoot awake.

"Is the storm over? Is Jinx still dead?" Ivypool looked at her mate, confused about how she was still alive.

"What storm? And who is Jinx?" Hawkfrost cocked his head, obviously confused.

"So, what happened?" The silver and white tabby she-cat looked around, realizing she was in the nursery.

"You fell asleep after kitting." Hawkfrost twitched his ear.

"*Kitting?*" Ivypool looked at the fluffy dark brown tabby tom, confused.

"Well, after our battle between the four clans it was revealed you were expecting kits. But our new set of kits were born a moon earlier, but they are okay." Hawkfrost laid down next to his mate.

"I guess my dream did, in fact, ruin reality for me." Ivypool murmured. Hawkfrost softly chuckled.

"So how are Winterstorm, Duskwind, Fluffytail, and Ravenwing?" The silver and white tabby she-cat asked.

"They are doing just fine!" Hawkfrost answered. Ivypool looked at her new bundles, purring softly as they nursed while letting out little squeaks. *I am so glad nothing in my dream happened. As well as Winterstorm expecting kits at such a young age.* Ivypool sighed in relief.

"So what are we going to name our kits?" Hawkfrost asked her. Ivypool looked back at her kits: a tortoiseshell with some white patches and a reddish brown tabby she-cat.

"Thrushkit and Turtlekit," Ivypool replied.

Hawkfrost smiled, "I like it."

"Oh, and Hawkfrost," Ivypool called him after he stood up. Hawkfrost slightly turned his head.

"Thank you for everything." Ivypool smiled.

Hawkfrost blinked before smiling his beautiful smile, "You're welcome."